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# CHRISTMAS

1935

&

## OTHER VERSES

By

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## DEDICATION

Art knows no frontiers and beauty is not bounded; so an elder Caucasian, humbly serving her in the East and rejoicing in its heritage of exquisite rhythm and subtle melody, may venture to tune his modest pipe in the accents of the West, satisfied if here or there one or two discerning ones may perceive the kindred spark of authentic altar flame. It is not of ultimate import that many of earth's families are engaged in mutual destruction; still among all nations are found votaries of the truth of beauty, which is the meaning of life; and this token, though unpretentious, is for them.

## ERRATA

*Page* 12 line three;    *for* order; fair *read* order fair  
,, 20 ,, fourteen; ,, tollsome ,, toilsome  
,, 25 ,, three; ,, myraids ,, myriads  
,, 27 last line; ,, ensnared. ,, ensnared?  
,, 30 line ten; ,, away ,, awry;  
,, 32 ,, sixteen; ,, need ,, meed.  
,, 1 ,, four; ,, houris ,, houris

## FOUR GREAT WOMEN

*Translated from the German of Goethe.*

First Zuleikha, lovely as the Moon  
For Eusuf all longing  
Now in joys of Paradise  
With radiant hours thronging.

Then the Blessed Virgin Mother  
For the souls of heathen born  
Saw her only beloved Son  
On the cruel cross forlorn.

Then Mahomet's noble consort  
Aiding him through the troublous sea  
Holding fast all her life through  
To one God and his Nabi.

Follows Fatima devoted  
Wife and daughter of heroic mould  
Her purest soul's angelic sheen  
Fair as honey, rare as gold.

## HATEM TO ZULEIKHA

Now were Hatem's span to close  
Then would seem my pathway clear  
I would take at once the form  
Of the hero she holds dear.

I would not appear a Rabbi  
(that suiteth me but ill)  
Rather Firdausi or Mutanabbi  
Or the Shah's throne to fill.

\* \* \* \*



Thee shall Timur's kingdom serve,  
 Thee imperial posts obey ;  
 Rubies from Badakshan borne,  
 Turquoise from Hyrkanian bay.

Honied fruit for thee prepared  
 In Bukhara's sunny land  
 With a thousand precious lays  
 Writ on silk of Samarkand.

With what zest shalt thou peruse  
 What I once from Ormuz wrote  
 How my life and all its toil  
 I did unto love devote.

How in the land of Brahmanas  
 Myriad shuttles flew in loom  
 Fancy and fate of Hindustan  
 In silken splendour made to bloom.

But at last Bassora bringeth  
 Myrrh and incense mingled sweet  
 Through her caravan distilling  
 Worlds of fragrance at thy feet.

\* \* \* \*

G. While man is sober  
 His baseness grows  
 When he gets drunken  
 The right he knows.

H. While without drink  
 Of love canst not think  
 Yet while afar from love  
 Thou shalt not drink.

\* \* \* \*

Art thou and thy love asunder  
As East and West are ?  
Love shall bear thee company,  
For the lover Baghdad is not far.

\* \* \* \*

Too many senses alas,  
For my love-feast's glee,  
Listening, I would be blind :  
Gazing, dumb long to be.

\* \* \* \*

Come, love, bind up my turban  
Thine arm enhance my "dulband's" glory  
For Abbas on the throne of all Iran  
Boasts naught lovelier than my Hourî.

\* \* \* \*

Sweetest sweet, how can I fear  
In love's service so tender  
Bokhara, Balkh, or Samarkand  
With all their worldly splendour ?

— — —

When you play and I shall sing  
What a music we shall make !  
Then you sing and I will play,  
What a rhythm that will wake !

With you and me in unison  
All the world draws nearer  
When you and I may love and live  
Heaven will be no dearer

So to draw the world beside us  
We shall live apart  
Let the joy of heaven betide us,  
Commune heart to heart.

— — —

When we were parting last there was  
    A message in thine eye,  
And as my lingering glance I cast  
    I thought I could descry

A quivering in thy lips  
    A motion in thy face  
Which darted through my soul  
    To prove I gained my case.

Surely that cause was strange  
    Tried between us alone  
For thou thyself wert judge  
    And thou the guilty one.

Could I retain that word  
    That flashed my soul to teach  
Though nothing could be heard  
    Effectual my speech!

So if we meet again  
    Let not a word be said  
If heart agrees with eye  
    Love's debt is all repaid.

---

TO SHAKESPEARE

I would not hate thee if I could,  
For Shakespeare is thy son,  
England! To woman and the world  
'Twere grave injustice done.

I could not hate thee if I would,  
For he would stop my mouth  
All peoples brand such cowardice  
Free north or ordered south.

So Shakespeare, all must honour thee  
Within their heart of hearts  
*For thou didst teach nobility*  
Judged not by outward parts;

Nor can thy love of thine own land  
Be circumscribed or small  
For love of manhood, faith, and truth  
Doth honour each and all.

Honoured and honouring Shakespeare's love,  
England may still confide  
Come weal, come woe, none may remove  
Her treasure and her pride.

---

Little rose, art thou fading  
Because thy Season's over ?  
Or is a worm working thy death  
Whom thou tookest for thy lover ?

Little rose, this slow death of thine  
And falling off leaf by leaf  
Makes me fear lest my love  
Should be mocked by loitering grief.

For if death were to come to my love  
(And that it must is sure)  
Let it come without a warning  
For such lingering I cannot endure.

---

When the last moment comes  
Thou shalt be by my side  
It was for thy sake that I lived  
So at death with me abide.

It was not to live a happy life here  
That I cherished thy love ;  
It was to suffer and to live  
In hope in the bourne above.

---

TO THE EX-KING EMPEROR EDWARD VIII  
ON HIS ABDICATION

The poetry of England cannot die  
Her spreading realm owes not its stable frame  
To sword or pen ; but ever soaring high  
Above convention's blinding dusty game  
Her noble hearts are driven by the urge  
Of home whose joys they know, despising gains  
Of vulgar wealth or honour. Their due charge  
To safeguard hearts and homes, and spurn the  
chains

Of false ambition : such the Commons' trust  
And such the greatest builders of their land,  
Husbands and fathers, loyal, firm and just  
To seal the seeming shackles that command  
Life's sweeter blessings. But thou, crownless King  
To-day art theme for no mean bard to sing.

---

My Laila's eyes are not her own  
My heart looks out from hers  
She would wear black were it my whim  
For blessing to utter a curse.

Gazelle her glance, yet it must feel  
The checkless hand of time  
But never oak so steadfast was  
As her heart in beauty's prime,

In her, extremes and means are one ;  
Both her true self and me,  
I cannot lose myself in her  
Yet can wish her myself to be.

---

When we did meet—for the last time—  
What more is there to tell?  
That life is ever treacherous—  
The hatefulness of hell?

There was a day, there was a night  
Dashed from our lips life's wine,  
Surely that was too brief a span,  
Remaineth now what sign?

They say that Time heals every wound,  
Forgetfulness is sure;  
Let slaves forget; I mastered fate,  
My altar shall endure

For all we had to give, we gave;  
My grief becomes not less,  
For ours the sacrificial love  
That even angels bless.

Surely it was too early, heart,  
To bid adieu to life,  
Though young and fiery throb my veins  
They soon must cease their strife.

Now that thy lips are warm no more  
My heart has lost its light  
Thine arms, now cold in death were mine  
Just for one day and night.

How happy, could I barter life  
And death 'twixt me and thee!  
Now welcome grave and bitter bed,  
My love takes life from me!

Love's a mad freak , life a mere joke  
But not for me outworn ;  
By thy one touch, soul of my soul  
My paradise was born.

Death only robbed thyself of me  
It could achieve no more  
The given heart, the taken heart  
Cares not to heal its sore.

So pierce the secret of my soul,  
Live there, my paradise ;  
Though all the world may call me fool  
My knowledge shall suffice

If heaven there is, and God there is,  
Each other we shall see ;  
If such belief is phantasy  
What matters it to me ?

No bliss could add to what is ours,  
The ecstasy of love ;  
Nor without thee could I know peace  
In any realm above.

---

One flesh in life, one soul in death ;  
Should I die earlier  
Yet dying still my life goes on  
In thee much holier . . .

Yes, one in life and one in death,  
But shouldst thou die before,  
Then living I will die a death  
That love may die no more.

---



INTIMIDATIONS (WITH APOLOGIES TO  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH)

There was a time when nurses, schoolfellows  
and dogs  
Were the sole companions I knew ;  
When every bush or brier teemed with sprites  
or hogs  
More than two little eyes could view.

It is not so now, as I am a man,  
To heaven is due my daily prayer  
That ghosts and sprites and goblin stories can  
No more my throbbing heart-strings tear.

The Schoolmaster, he comes and goes,  
And lovely is each lass  
But though I learn the wide world's woes  
They spare my heart and pass.

Now younger fools dance in the spring  
And schoolboys pass or fail,  
Only I know my heart can sing  
That in life's sea I sail

Not in some fragile drifting boat  
But strong in heart and soul  
Like a great whale I swim, not float  
Direct unto my goal.

Ye ugly urchins, have your fun,  
Enjoy your quips and cranks,  
Playing at soldiers, man and wife  
And other wilder pranks.

Born blind, we know not when we wake  
What curses may befall  
But after life, a wife we take  
And find that worst of all.

But death's a blessing shared by all  
And Providence benign  
Brings daily nearer our recall,  
The goal that bears the sign

Of sorrow's triumph in the end ;  
Afflicted, we confess  
The best of life is but to die  
If God our cause can bless

Consummate in thy foolishness,  
Sin's agony and woe ;  
Untold thy misery accurst  
Who wilt not let truth flow !

Let chastisement on thee descend,  
Let its sure hand thee grasp  
To lift thy soul from its abyss  
And hold thee in its clasp...

AN ODE TO THE GODDESS MOROSIA OR  
DULLNESS

When Jove on high Olympus did decree  
A universal banquet to the deities  
To open a new order, fair to see  
Commanding all heaven's realms and fair cities ;

His satellites appeared from each his place  
To offer incense sweet before the face  
Of their supreme commander who began  
His new-revealed but long-determined plan.

Enthroned on high, Jove with his glittering dome  
Surveyed his guests majestic in array :  
All of his daughters to the feast had come  
Save one, whom spite or fear had kept away.

Forthwith on silver wings was Hermes sent  
To wooded Ida's deep secluded grove  
To ask the maiden with what grave intent  
She in her bower lingered, nor did move.

Morosia named by gods, Dullness by man  
With anger stern to tear her hair began  
Then when her Father's messenger she found  
She scattered myrrh and incense all around,  
Her passion flaming at the ready smile  
With which the swift one sought to mock her guile.

" To each of us, Jove's daughters, is assigned  
Some art or science that the mortal mind  
May grasp and energise with skill supreme ;  
But me alone all must unworthy deem."

"Sorrow not, goddess; smooth thy direful brow,  
Old tyranny is dead, new order sprung;  
As all thy sisters have their gifts enow,  
So too shall thine by mortal men be sung."

"Round thee Selene shall her dance prolong  
And, centred planet thou, receive her song;  
Thou, glancing far through space, designest good  
And shalt bestow thy presence on thy brood"

Forthwith Morosia by this word solaced  
Stooped down to pluck a feather from his heel  
And so her father's presence instant graced  
And clasped his knees for pardon to appeal.

He, who loves all his offspring, thus did cheer  
Her grief, pronouncing "Lo, I have decreed  
A planet where anew my will shall rear  
A race to love and cherish all thy seed."

---

SUNDERED

It was a leave-taking so strange  
I remember it so well  
With breaking heart she came to me  
And at my feet she fell.

It was a leave-taking so cruel  
I never saw the like  
The tyrant sobs did rend her soul  
As waves a crumbling dike.

It was a leave-taking sublime  
When she confessed her sin  
I had not the heart to forgive  
Though pitiful her mien.

It was a fatal leave-taking  
Forget it can I never  
When one word I would not utter  
She left my love for ever.

---

MR. HIDEBOUND'S ADDRESS TO HIS  
COMRADES :

When Tennyson was living, lads  
Then every line ran smooth  
Now you and I are old, lads  
Half-wits sing lame half-truth.

When you and I were young, lads  
Every girl learnt to knit,  
Now you and I must do it, for  
The women are unfit.

When you and I were young, lads  
The marriages were grand ;  
But now that we are poor, lads  
The girl wants cash in hand.

When you and I were young, lads  
One master was enough ;  
Now they have faculties of "profs."  
And every one a tough.

When you and I were young, lads  
We revered our Queen ;  
Now barbers and housepainters rule,  
And kings are seldom seen.

The girls, when we were young, lads  
Would work and cook and press ;  
Now they play contract, badminton,  
Or (if they're hard-up) chess.

When you and I were young, lads  
Philosophers were few ;  
Now every ass must publish to  
Make sure we know his view.

When you and I were young, lads  
Most decent folk were wed ;  
Now fools must jeer at innocence  
And argufy instead.

When you and I were young, lads,  
Some critics were judicious ;  
But now they cannot write themselves  
They all have waxed loquacious.

When we were young we had our eyes  
And newspapers were small  
Now they have swelled so much in size  
No one can read them all.

When you and I were young, lads  
We loved and wed but one ;  
Now, first they wed their mistresses,  
Then leave them much alone.

Women in those days lasted long  
To full three score and ten  
Now they get phthisis in their 'teens  
And die as soon as men.

When you and I were young, lads  
Garrulous wives were slapped ;  
If there's a silent woman left  
She's easily entrapped.

When you and I were young we sang  
Ballads of Robin Hood  
But now the girls sing songs—*swing* songs  
"Follies of Hollywood."

When you and I were young, lads  
Sick folk were often cured ;  
But now relations want them dead  
Because they're all insured.

When you and I were young, boys,  
The value of money was constant  
When you and I are old, boys  
Every dunce is an accountant.

When you and I were young, boys  
Gentlemen were seldom needy  
When you and I are poor, boys  
Every woman is phenomenally greedy.

When you and I were young, boys  
We were dexterous with hockey sticks  
Now that you and I are old, boys  
Every wife dabbles in politics.

When you and I were young, boys  
Philosophy was feared even by a rascal  
Now that you and I are about to die, boys  
Every fool lectures on Spinoza or Pascal.

When you and I were young, boys  
The only government was monarchy ;  
Now that we are not interested in politics, boys  
The world is menaced by dictatorship  
and anarchy.

When you and I were young, boys  
We were taught parsing and analysis ;  
Now that you and I are old, boys  
People are mad after mesmerism,  
hypnotism and metempsychosis.



When you and I were young, boys  
Wives backed their husbands with  
"Yes, Sir "

When you and I are old, boys  
They reject a man who is not also a  
chauffeur.

When you and I were young, boys  
Girls lived always with a guardian ;  
Now that we are grown old, boys  
Every woman prefers a simpleton or a  
politician.

When you and I were young, boys  
Homicide was against conscience ;  
Now that we are all grown old, boys  
Children have become a nuisance.

When you and I were young boys,  
Wives were won by assiduous courtship ;  
Now that we have become old, boys  
Marriage is thought to be unbearable  
hardship.

When you and I were young, boys  
Dancing was quite a graceful art,  
When you and I are old, boys  
Every girl keeps a gymnastic chart.

In the days of our good Queen, boys  
They played on violin, banjo and clarion ;  
Now the world has so changed, dears,  
That every ass can bray his harmonium.

When you and I were young, boys  
Science was confined to contraction and  
expansion

Now that we are grown old, boys  
Every idiot babbles of fifth dimension.

When you and I were young, boys  
A woman without a husband was a pity ;

When you and I are old, boys  
Marriage is considered a calamity.

When you and I were young, boys  
We honoured Turner, Claude and Holbein ;

When you and I are old, boys  
The world is full of cubist and futurist—  
curious kine !

When you and I were young, dears  
Our boys were stalwart as Titans ;

Now that we have become old, boys  
They are becoming tennis-playing  
cosmopolitans.

When you and I were young, boys  
We held beef and ale so dear ;

Now when we are grown old and poor, boys  
They broach champagne and lager beer.



MR. DANDY AND MISS ANDY

*A Woeful Ballad*

Mr. Dandy and Miss Andy, once upon a time  
Fell in love with each other ;

Love may be a disease but never a crime  
So they began to live together.

It chanced of an evening, while it was raining,  
They were crossing a bridge wide,  
But flashes of intermittent lightning  
Kept them to each other's side.

But how shall we speak of that fickle strumpet  
By wise men called Fortune ;  
Never consistent except in betrayal  
At moments inopportune.

When near the end they were drawing  
Of that toilsome travel,  
All their coldheartedness thawing  
(For they purposed to revel) ;

But human affairs are imperfect  
(Those railway contracts are a scandal)  
And one of the planks was unfastened  
And gave way to Miss Andy's sandal.

Forthwith with a shriek and a shudder  
The lady seemed to go down  
But the gentleman rushed to assist her  
And hastily seized her gown.

But learned Newton has proved the fact  
Of a law called gravitation  
Regrettably displays no tact  
Respecting rank or station. ,

As he felt Miss Andy's sharp descent  
Her lover palpitated  
But true love certainly is that  
Which is not separated.

So they fell both together  
They fell to the bottom of the lake;  
But fast they clasped each other  
Braving all for love's sweet sake.

But all are subject to blind chance  
Which rules the wide world over  
Alike the drunkard and the dunce,  
Or scientist or lover.

And so it happed that in a net  
Intended to catch fish  
They were recovered, breathing yet,  
What better could they wish?

Misfortune is an excellent teacher  
As wise Shakespeare has said  
And rogues would make this world a hell  
If all were fat and fed.

So now Miss Andy and her Dandy  
Began to supplicate  
That their bodies should be light and handy  
Just strong enough to masticate.

Jove on Olympus heard their plea  
And granted their desire  
That bright apparelled they might be  
And weigh no more than fire.

So by this heavenly charter free  
To wander here and there  
They gazed abroad, on land and sea  
And up into the air.

But restless is the human heart  
And hardly satisfied  
The distant seems the better part  
To keep us mortified.

And thus it was, our lightsome pair  
Could not go very high ;  
For if it blew but half a gale  
They dared not it defy.

Nor could they compass means enough  
To buy an aeroplane  
In which to scour the sky and laugh  
To soar above the rain.

But praise to Fortune (faithless dame)  
I'll be her votary  
For one day millions she may give  
Quite unhereditary.'

Now at a party, one fine day,  
All eyes were on the pair ;  
Their dress was so original  
Their beauty was a snare.

Her neck was slender like a crane  
Most graceful of them all ;  
The pilot of an aeroplane  
Felt his soul held in thrall.

Impelled by fate, he started up  
For boundless was his love  
To take Miss Andy for a flip  
And press his suit above.

But Dandy was not left behind  
They both together flew ;  
How oft their heels were o'er their heads  
They neither of them knew.

So lands and cities they surveyed  
Vast earth, and men so small ;  
Paris, Vienna, Rome, Belgrade,  
Baluchistan, Bengal.

Then turning back they made for France ;  
At last the pilot crashed  
But once again by lucky chance  
The lovers were not smashed.

Like wisps of thistledown they fell  
Till in a deodar  
Caught by the branches, there they stuck  
So near and yet so far.

But still you know, good people all,  
We hardly need to state  
Thin people's appetites are small  
*Compared with greater weight.*

So take the lesson to your heart  
From their affliction sore  
Ambition makes its victims smart  
And still looks round for more.

Our forefathers were simple folk,  
On land or sea they died  
But we can compass death in air  
With scientific pride.

---

TO THE SPIRIT OF VEDAVYASA.

Thou mighty soul of dear Ancient India !  
Seer, prophet and philosopher profound !  
Always a modern must fail to plumb or fathom  
The depth with which thy music doth  
resound.

Faithful echo of the age of India in youthful  
charms  
By noble life and valiant action flooded  
When mighty heroes clashed their dauntless  
arms  
In sure defence of virtue noble-blooded.

Truly thou figurest the energy of ocean  
Stirring the soul alike to action and to  
thought  
At times the surges of the furious Atlantic,  
Anon into the serene and deep Pacific  
wrought.

O hapless India ! Learn from thy ancient lore  
To seek one quality of manhood truly  
great ;  
Sublime thought wedded to heroic action  
Alone can save thee from inglorious fate.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF CALIPH OMAR.

O stern Caliph, Justice turned flesh and blood;  
Arabia's noble son, what vision was thine,  
When from east to west thy my<sup>ia</sup>raids flew  
To conquer the world lying sunk in mire  
Of Roman sloth, whelmed in its stagnant flood;  
Then millions bowed before thy virtue's  
shrine,  
Which robed Justice in a majesty she never  
knew  
Till thy unconquerable spirit rose like fire,  
To quench the world's dread tyranny and  
wrong:  
When I compare my little life with thine,  
Which petty jealousy and mean ambition  
Menace, as overseers do slaves with cruel  
thong,  
Thy shining might, simplicity divine  
Becomes to me heaven's wisest admonition.

---

I would not be happy if she were alive,  
I could not live if she were not dead,  
'Tis a blessing that I can her survive  
When I must play thus a part so dread.

Should I look upon her in the same plight  
As I am enduring to-day  
Well I know she must wish for death  
As I from my heart now pray.



CHRISTMAS 1935

*Dei stultitia hominibus sapientior : i Cor. 1.25*

A simpleton was born near two thousand years  
ago,

He never knew the art of thriving.  
When the Roman eagles soared over all the  
world of men

He was for another world striving.

A little pauper baby born in a manger  
Hardly could he know the alphabet  
Yet he dared challenge the wisest of the sages  
And spoke with the true tone of a prophet.

He was an anarchist in the eyes of lawyers  
For he made bold to attack  
The ancient teaching, the *lex talionis*  
The breaking of neck for neck.

Taught holy wisdom to the common people  
Such a simpleton was he,  
What a thing to do with a mound for a dais,  
Lecturing and asking no fee!

Surely at last he displayed presumption  
In his naivety making free  
With the laws of nature (was it magic or  
trickery ?)  
Calming the storm-tossed sea.

But never a worse crime, of all he committed  
In the eyes of lovers of pelf,  
Was there than when he stood up and taught  
them  
"Love thy neighbour as thyself."

Vested interests, ritual and property  
    "Away with this felon!" thundered  
The fool had to stagger beneath his own gibbet  
The multitude saw and wondered.

So the world had its way, just as it does to-day  
    But here one fool without art  
Pleads "Let now thy grace descend, heavenly  
    Fool and Friend,  
Reign in one sorrowing heart."

\* \* \* \*

When we met first many oaths were made  
When we lived together, many words were said;  
They were never light-heartedly uttered  
But with every pledge an angel's wing fluttered.

After such a long time all oaths were unmade  
Being so near the end, every word was unsaid.  
They seem to have been a mere whim  
On this side the grave so sure and grim

But, Dear, however thou art, I shall endure  
With a heart solely devoted to thee and pure.  
By remaining behind have I not spared  
Thee the pit that would thy soul have ensnared?

---

She is coming at last, O  
With the burden on her soul  
It was I who made it thus,  
So sweet a heart to foul !

How may I hide my shame, O  
From her keen piercing eye ?  
I cannot utter one word now  
To drown the heaving sigh.

I can put an end to both of us  
As honour seems to teach  
That her wrong may be absolved in blood  
While still within my reach...

But never will I do the deed  
Never destroy my sweet  
But as she swoons, this heart shall bleed  
And perish at her feet.

---

Thy life is charged with death ;  
Death enters by each door ;  
Had I known this before  
I had not striv'n for breath.

This light of knowledge shines  
Now there's no more to mend  
As hastens on the end  
Its subtle fire refines.

How surely we repent  
Of every act unwise !  
Yet blessing in disguise  
Oft shows it heaven-sent.

---

I went to wine to drown my grief  
It proved of no avail  
So transitory its relief  
The cares again assail.

The cup could never keep a heart  
To love habituate  
It only could enhance the smart  
And loss accentuate.

I thought my life was weariness  
Until I learned the cure,  
The power of love invincible  
While memories endure.

My loving pain I can reveal,  
My tenderness prolong ;  
Although thy loss I cannot heal  
I sweeten it with song.

---

So often my tears flowed  
But none was my friend  
To-day I'll pour out my blood  
And come to my end.

Living I compassed naught,  
Dying let me find  
Death's oft with blessing fraught  
To the steadfast mind.

Love, shalt thou see it all ?  
That is my one fear ;  
It thou wert not my love  
How could death seem dear ?

---

Baby, open thy lips for dear father's sake,  
He is fighting on the Atlantic waves,  
Leaving me only to cherish thee for a time,  
There relentless enemies he braves.  
But that purpose grim justice must condemn,  
How can such a one be bent on killing  
Brave fathers of helpless babies like to thee,  
Satisfied their life-blood to be spilling?  
In the world that God made, nothing can be  
lost  
Our clouded vision sees it all awâÿ;  
For every tear shed by a widow or orphan,  
Thousands must be wrung from an  
emperor's eye.  
But in cosmic forces still the heart is human  
Let the Creator strike a balance just;  
Only to thy mother thy small clinging fingers  
Matter more than universes flung to dust.

---

### THE LOVER'S GHOST

Thou art my lover's ghost, say'st thou?  
Come to me nearer;  
To-day I will love with truer heart,  
None to me dearer.  
Was it mere flesh and blood at my breast?  
Food of desire?  
No, let me be a ghost,  
True lovers' fire!

---

THE SKULL

We had gone out in the afternoon  
Spending our leisure, dear,  
You were loth to speak for a while,  
The sad time still so near.

When little Maya, ailing long,  
Rallied of a sudden to say  
Her last farewell to you and me  
And we both knelt to pray.

Soon memory began to fade  
Beneath the hand of time  
And she who once was all in all  
Now makes a theme for rhyme.

The passion flower of our youth  
Had but one early bloom  
Withered for all the world to see  
A thread snapped in life's loom.

But we'll be thankful God has called  
A soul so little grown ;  
A longer life perhaps had brought  
Grief now to us unknown.

But one thing dear, I scarce dare say  
Anguish still wrings my heart,  
When on your soul such grief still lay  
How crass I played my part !

Idle and thoughtless like a lad,  
I kicked and kicked a ball  
Which presently such hardness had  
It seemed to me a skull.

I was quite unaware at first  
As it bounced to and fro  
Of that small grave that lay beyond  
A dozen yards or so ;

There stood the copse where lay the bones  
Of Maya gone before  
But in earth's bosom now, alas  
They are enshrined no more.

Not callous earth but tender heart  
Is all I hold my own  
All I can do is heave one sigh,  
A sigh, and that alone.

\* \* \*

Prate not of chastity, mentor severe  
What do you know of my need ?  
My soul is not in the same mould as thine  
Pining for heavenly meed.

In my life love has become a disease  
Yet I would not have a cure ;  
Mouthings of torture and warnings of hell  
Do not my virtue allure.

When the last sentence shall be pronounced  
As between me and thee,  
I shall be found in those who denounced  
Thy God's unbending decree.

There is a power which no man may seek  
Heaven it would not attain  
Seemeth it weakness? It comes to the weak,  
Daring eternal pain.

O felix culpa ! Happy in blame,  
Not as the angels, white ;  
Nevertheless gift of Him whose that Name—  
Lord of all power and might !

---

Touch me not, Life ; thy fingers are so bitter  
cold ;  
Wert thou not by my side  
As to-night's storm has brought thee so close  
to me  
I would have keenly cried.

But O, it seems I must bewail even now,  
Why is so still thine eye ?  
In my sore need so deep within my bosom  
thrust  
Yet I hear not thy sigh.

Thou blessed angel, happy through this  
sudden shock  
Bide thou for me serene  
What sudden message came from the throne  
of God  
To leave this dusty screen ?

I am not jealous of death but of heaven to-day  
It is thrice blest in thee,  
For but for death Heaven would not be so  
enriched  
With this prize reft from me.

---



What angel gave thee birth?  
An angel sure was she;  
What guardian warmed her hearth?  
An angel must he be.

Yet were they angels bright  
How could I come so near?  
Their everlasting light  
Would bar me from thee, dear.

Still meet for angels' love  
Art thou, but not their own;  
Praise be to God above,  
Thy heart is mine alone!

But angels cannot die  
Then should I love thee less,  
Thou'rt mortal e'en as I  
My human life to bless.

---

Learn not too much if you've a brain  
Love not too much if you'd be sane;  
But learn to love with all your heart  
Then will you know the better part.  
Love must be learnt just like a verse  
Yet love's a play must not rehearse.  
Love's his own guide, none other is;  
But million loves make not one bliss!  
Love can't be taught, so love is hard  
But all heaven's gifts are love's reward.  
'Tis love which maketh all things new,  
But such creation comes to few.

TO A DYING BABY

Dear baby ! You don't know what you are  
doing  
Taking yourself away ;  
A smile on your lips would be to your parents  
More than the gold of Cathay.

Dear baby ! Your passing is nothing stranger  
Than all this thing called life ;  
If parents always guarded against danger  
Peace would rule nations, not strife.

Not brotherly love but the lust of living  
Hinders our quest of truth  
Let us learn from your face, sweet like an angel  
The secret of deathless youth.

I can move the world to tears  
If thou comest with thy harp  
I cannot charm their ears  
Alone to ecstasy or sorrow sharp.

I can overawe the globe  
If thou comest with thy loom  
And weavest a strange robe  
With which I seem caparisoned in gloom.

I can teach all men a lesson  
How bravely to fight and die  
If thou comest (flame of freedom !)  
Despotism to defy.

I will set their hearts ablaze  
If thou bringest me thy fire  
Kindling all my works and days  
Offered in one fair desire.

By myself I little can  
In the madness, in the strife  
Thou canst change the heart of man  
Bring to me, and all men, life ;

---

I did not like to fight the foe  
I have renounced the battlefield  
No foeman worthy of my steel  
Was there ; but frail their sword and  
shield.

I would I met a foe like thee  
A fighter noble, valiant, proud ;  
How can a master vie with slaves ?  
Not mine to maul the recreant crowd.

Had I in combat vanquished one  
Dishonoured he had been my slave ;  
Yet I had rather it were done  
To me, to prove me truly brave.

For in a glorious cause who fights  
He counts it gain to fight and fall ;  
So I with love contending long  
Struggled in vain and lost my all.

How wilt thou fight, dear ?  
So tender-hearted ?  
How can st thou bear from  
Love to be parted ?

Nay, I will prove, dear  
Soft hearts are stronger  
Than any tempered steel ;  
'Tis mine no longer.

Heart all bestowed away,  
Will you not waver ?  
How face the fierce array ?  
Nay, I dare braver.

My heart is in thy care  
Fondly to cherish  
So may I all things dare,  
It cannot perish

---

Cuckoo, sweet cuckoo, why art thou dumb  
to-night  
Hast thou forgotten thy summer's glee?  
Or is it that the stern autumn storm  
Has separated thy mate from thee ?  
But cuckoo, loving cuckoo, you will find a  
new mate  
For the spring will come back soon ;  
No, no, only one was precious on earth  
I have lost my only boon.  
I had only one heart of devotion to give  
And wholly I gave it thee, dear ;  
It would seem to be better to live like a bird  
And have a new lover each year !

Oh, cuckoo, dear cuckoo, had'st thou been as I  
Bereft and alone evermore  
In our solitude endless our song we'd combine  
To pierce to the heart's very core.

---

It was not pain, love  
It was but feigning  
To bring thee more near.  
It was not death, love,  
It was but happiness  
To find thee more dear.  
It was not sorrowing, dear,  
I was but perplexed  
To see how the fire of passion  
Burnt another by love vexed ;  
It was not funeral, dear,  
It was a mere pretext  
To watch thy sweet lips forming  
Love's fairest verse and text.

---

If there were no tears  
There were no love at all,  
If there were no fears,  
I would not dare to fall.  
If there were no jealousy  
I would not make thee my love ;  
If there were no phantasy  
Thou could'st not be my dove.  
If there were no weakness,  
I would be afraid of a kiss ;  
If thou wert a goddess  
I would ever take thee amiss.

So be thou what thou art  
    A mortal, frail heart, eye and ear ;  
So shall we live in concert  
    Drawing each to each more near.

---

I love the sea because it is deep  
    Like the music of my dear  
It kisses me with cooling sprays  
    Like my love when she is near.  
I love the sea as it ebbs and flows  
    Like the passion of my dear  
When my breath is faint new life surges in  
    And each wave bestoweth cheer.

I love the sea, for it is so vast  
    Like my love's tenderness ;  
Though our little nets into it we cast  
    Its depth we cannot guess.  
I love the sea because of the song  
    Of its breakers' ceaseless roll,  
So she to whom my thoughts belong  
    Can pluck the chord of my soul.

---

How are thy brows so calm,  
    Why are thine eyes serene ?  
Thy bosom no more heaves,  
    Thou sittest as a queen  
Is it thy heart is changed,  
    The treasure I held so fast  
Has some thief in the night  
    Stolen from me at last ?

No one can steal my soul, love  
I cling to no bosom now ;  
My offering is whole, love,  
My all to Love's self I vow.  
In loving Love I love not less  
Thee who dost Love enshrine ;  
The Presence doth the image bless  
Eternal and divine.

---

Look up ! The stars in their courses  
Silently wheel in their span ;  
Wilt thou with thy pains and remorses  
Harass their calm, O man ?  
The gasp of thy lust or indulgence  
Shall echo beyond the spheres  
And pierce to the Heart of effulgence  
That loves thy little years.

But for him for whom self is ended  
Their light illumines the soul  
And a cosmic harmony splendid  
In mightier waves shall roll  
No ! We are the sons of the Highest  
And thence is the rhythm of Time  
And the selfless soul draws nighest  
To eternity's theme sublime.

---

Ask the sea what it is doing  
The sea it does not know  
Ask my love what her heart does  
She says thou canst not know.

Ask the sea why it is angry  
The sea it does not know ;  
Ask my love why she is sullen ;  
She says thou shouldst not know.

Ask the sea why it is shining  
The sea it does not know ;  
Ask my love why she is happy  
She says thou durst not know.

Ask the sea when it shall cease,  
The sea it does not know ;  
Ask my love when she will leave me,  
She says thou must not know.

---



TO A FALLEN ROSE

Wert thou so fair and now hast faded  
From thy scant hour's glory ?  
Wert uncreate would'st have evaded  
A fate that seemeth sorry.  
But who am I to pity thee ?  
Having a few years' bliss  
Were I unborn I need not see  
My end as sure as this.  
But if death's certain, life's no less  
Pity's a wasting sore ,  
Were there no death, life could not bless  
New life for ever more.

---

What a happy reaper am I to-day  
With such a harvest of kisses !  
But it is the field that is so rich and gay  
From its plenty never misses.  
What a sad reaper shall I be tomorrow  
With such a harvest of tears ;  
But there is abundance even in thy sorrow  
That overwhelms me with cares.  
Yet I will be reaping, gather all the harvest  
Drain the cup, reach the goal,  
I could not endure to play the part of craven  
Love of thee to valour moulds my soul.  
Therefore, dear , be sowing, raise another  
harvest ,  
Ready for the reaping I hold my sickle fast  
Blow the winds of winters, bitter be the season,  
Thou dost nerve me for the keenest blast.

When the sweet nightingale singeth  
    There is nought new in it  
When my dear singer singeth  
    There is beauty infinite.

When the glassy burn ripples  
    There is naught new in it  
When my dear beloved laughs  
    There is charm infinite.

When the meadow breeze blows  
    There is no soul in it  
When my sweet heaves a sigh  
    There is longing infinite.

When the acolian harp chimes  
    There is naught new in it  
When my love makes melody  
    There is grace infinite.

When the moon shineth cool  
    There is naught new in it  
When my love's smile twinkles  
    There is light infinite

When the tide ebbs and flows  
    There is naught new in it  
When my love's bosom thrills  
    There is life infinite.

When dove calls to its mate  
    There is no dépth in it  
In my dear love's arms  
    There is joy infinite.

It were a blessing to die  
If thou wert near  
It were a pain to fight  
Shed'st thou no tear.

It were happiness to pray  
If thine the sin  
It is blessing to lose  
If thou canst win.

It were rapture to learn  
If thou wouldst teach  
It were punishment to love  
If thou didst preach.

It were comfort to be blind  
If thou wert my nurse  
It were a doom to pray  
Against thy curse.

It were bane to be a slave  
Didst thou go free  
It were utmost heaven  
Both slaves to be.



I hate the sea ; it is so same  
    It can never be like my love  
It rises and falls with dread monotone  
    Compared with the song of my dove.

I hate the sea ; it can plumbed  
    It can never be like my love  
It is fifty thousand fathom deep  
    How far she soars above !

I hate the sea which all may know,  
    It can never be as my love  
For she is hid from all who seek  
    Wherever they may rove.

I hate the sea betraying men ;  
    It giveth up its dead ;  
But sunk in love's abyss the soul  
    Finds an eternal bed.

---

If thou and I were all alone  
In a wider world than this  
And every joy we might call our own  
And nothing could run amiss ;

I could not be happier then than now  
For my world is thine eye  
If thou wilt but this grace allow  
For thee to breathe or die.

If the world was smaller far than this  
I would not even care  
For in thine eye is all my bliss  
Be fortune foul or fair.

If I were hateful to the race  
Still blessing were my part  
For thou art all my resting place  
And fortress of my heart.

If we were shut in narrow cell  
'Twere greater blessing yet  
For I might learn with thee to dwell  
With love for all my debt.

Though friendless in this world of God  
My life would still be sweet  
Since thou canst cast down with one nod  
The foeman at thy feet.

Though leaving thee, I must depart  
From out this world of care  
Still would thy vision glad my heart  
For thou art ever fair.

---

FROM CHANDIDAS

By Jamuna's side                      She her love replied  
And was back to her abode,  
While lonely seated                      With tears she greeted  
For love's charming mode.

[illegible]

Then came at the end her maiden friend  
To meet her lonely Queen  
Whose youth was When she to her  
enthralled called  
And clasped to her bosom serene.

With her garment's hem she wiped the tear-drop gem  
Tender words one heard her say  
To-day what sorrow, dear has bid thee so appear?  
Tell O tell me pray.

Thy life through I trow      never did sorrow know  
Untroubled thy royal lot  
Tell O tell me pray      how I comfort may  
Thy heart with pain so fraught.

For thy perfumed hair      not at all dost care  
And unconscious art to-day ;  
Chandidas sings how      heavy thy heart now  
Scorched by Love's piercing ray.



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